

'DEATH'S PLAYTHING' IS OBSERVER'S ROLE

How British Major, in "Sausage" Balloon, Passed German Lines Twice in Night.

CARRIED BACK TO BASE

Officer Imperiled When Cable Anchoring Bag Parts Like Sewing Thread.

BY WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS.

WITH THE BRITISH ARMIES IN THE FIELD, Feb. 3.—(By Mail)—Life in an observation balloon section is a great game of tag. Death is hot on your trail and every now and then he gets you in a corner. Then you're it.

"Get the major to tell you about the time he was carried over the German lines and back again all in one night," said the young lieutenant, as we tugged at the end of a tiny wire cable, in the little basket under the "sausage" high in the wintry sky. But the major was too modest. He said: "Oh, all right. I'll tell you about it after dinner tonight." He did not like to talk about his own exploits, though he mentioned several of his men who had been the heroes of adventures in the clouds. But I did get to read the official report of the incident and this was the story:

Shortly after midnight one night the major, after carrying out certain experiments at about a mile high, signaled that he was ready to come down. The winch on the big lorry in the road began to grind, and at 12:17 a. m. the sausage was swaying just out of reach of the landing squad. Then, "by an error of judgment," as the report puts it, the winch turned revolution too far. The metallic V where the balloon's short cord was spliced to the wire cable, wedged in the opening leading to the revolving drum, or windlass, and the cable parted like a piece of sewing thread.

Makes Sudden Ascent.

With a bound that jerked the basket this way and that like a ball on the end of an elastic string, the balloon went skyward.

At 12:21 a. m., the balloon was a mile high. The major had not used his parachute, to which the harness about him was still attached, because the wind at a mile, and below, was away from the German lines which ran some two miles away. Instead he pulled at the valve-cord to let out the gas in the sausage.

Still "valving," to use the vernacular of the game, the officer, at 12:27 a. m., found himself at above 10,000 feet, or about two miles above the earth. It was bitter cold and getting colder every instant.

At 12:40 a. m. he passed the 15,000 foot mark. Though he had been keeping the valve wide open all the time, the balloon still soared.

Now he looked downward. There were lights below, lights which flared up for a minute, then went out; great white balls of lights hanging in the air and illuminating the countryside beneath them.

The major, in his sausage, was "crossing the line." He knew in an instant what had happened. He had risen to a high cross-current of air and was being swept over the German trenches into German territory.

Over Enemy's Lines.

It was too late to jump now. If he tried the parachute and landed safely, it would be only to be taken prisoner by the enemy.

So cold that his marrow seemed frozen, he now set about to tear up his maps, notes, and everything which might help the Germans. Leaning out of the basket and peering down he could no longer see the flares sent up to light the trenches. The indicator showed that he was falling now, rather rapidly. Making sure that he had destroyed all papers, he waited.

Still falling, the major threw out some ballast to check the rapid descent. One faint hope still was left him—he might be blown back across his own lines again by the air currents nearer the ground.

So as much as he could he husbanded his ballast and gas, jockeying his balloon like an aeronaut in an international race, his prize for winning being his freedom. If he lost, the best he could hope for was prisoner of war for the duration of hostilities. There could be no half-way.

At a mile high the balloon was still dropping, though slowly. No lights were visible anywhere. The sky was murky, and there were no stars to serve as guides. It was to be a fight in the dark, a hit or miss without seeing what he was doing. The absence of trench flares looked bad. He must have drifted far behind the German lines.

Safe Home Again.

After a time the faint outlines of fields, houses, trees and haystacks began to loom up, and presently, with a fairly hard bump, the basket struck the earth, bounding up again some 200 feet. After a few of these bounds, the officer, calculating the right moment as best he could in the dark, pulled the rip cord to let out the gas.

The rip cord broke at the point where it entered the balloon! Suddenly the balloon came to a halt just above the ground. There were voices beneath. There was a moment of suspense. Then the major heard, in good English:

"Lively there! Get onto those ropes, you blighters!"

A squad of English Tommies soon had the sausage anchored. It had been blown back over the lines into a wide salient occupied by the English.

The official report, of course, merely narrates the plain facts in a plain way, just as the captain of a fire company would tell how the blaze his men had put out started. This adventure, this game of tag with Death, was all part of the day's work. So it had to go down in the records quite as if it had been a requisition paper to the commissary department for another crate of pork and beans.

(The next of a series of articles relating the experiences and observations of a war correspondent with the British forces, will appear in an early number of The Times.)

HOPES FOR JOBLESS AID

Labor Secretary Says Congress Should Help Unemployed.

Secretary of Labor Wilson, at the Labor Department dinner at Rauscher's last night, expressed the hope that he might soon have Congressional authority for the department's work of securing positions for the unemployed.

He stated that the department had secured jobs for more than 115,000 men, although no Congressional aid had been given even in the form of recognition.

Anthony Caminetti, United States Commissioner of Immigration, presided as toastmaster and introduced Secretary Wilson as the speaker of the evening.

More than 150 employees and guests of the Labor Department attended. Robert C. Starr, appointment clerk, headed the the committee in charge.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Caminetti, Justice and Mrs. William Hitz, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gompers, and Miss Gompers, Miss Daniels, H. M. McLaren, Dr. Grace L. Meigs, Dr. T. C. Merrill, Charles D. Martin, A. L. Faulkner, E. C. Keyser, Miss Katherine F. Lenroot, and R. C. Starr.

ALLEGED FAKE ROBBERY

Petition to Have Produce Dealer Declared Bankrupt.

Charging that James H. Washington, a local produce and poultry dealer pretended to have been robbed of \$2,500 in order to defraud his creditors, eight local commission merchants yesterday filed a petition in the District Supreme Court to have Washington declared a bankrupt.

The petition states that during the Christmas holidays Washington purchased a quantity of poultry from them. The petition sets forth that on December 31, Washington reported to the police that his house had been robbed and that the money representing sums which he had collected from sales of poultry, purchased from the petitioners was stolen. The petition further sets forth that no action has been taken by either the Police Department or the grand jury in the matter. Attorneys Hawkins and Havel appear for the petitioners.

VEGETABLES MOVIE CASH

Potatoes and Onions Take Place of Admission Tickets.

NEW YORK, March 2.—A movie theater here today is revelling in a well-filled potato bin. Close by is a heap of onions. They passed over the shelf in the box office yesterday by persons who accepted the offer of admission for "potatoes or onions." Onions took one to a box seat, while the best a potato could do was a seat in the orchestra circle.

Girls! Lots of Beautiful Hair

25 cent bottle of "Danderine" makes hair thick, glossy, and wavy.

Removes all dandruff, stops itching scalp and falling hair.



To be possessed of a head of heavy beautiful hair, soft, lustrous, fluffy, wavy and free from dandruff is merely a matter of using a little Danderine.

It is easy and inexpensive to have nice, soft hair and lots of it. Just get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine now—all drug stores recommend it—apply a little as directed and within ten minutes there will be an appearance of abundance, freshness, fluffiness and an incomparable gloss and lustre, and try as you will you can not find a trace of dandruff or falling hair; but your real surprise will be after about two weeks' use, when you will see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—sprouting out all over your scalp—Danderine is, we believe, the only sure hair grower, destroyer of dandruff and cure for itching scalp and it never fails to stop falling hair at once.

If you want to prove how pretty and soft your hair really is, moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair—taking one small strand at a time. Your hair will be soft, glossy and beautiful in just a few moments—a delightful surprise awaits everyone who tries this—Adv.

GETS NICKEL RIDE BY QUAIN TRICK

Searching Pockets for Money, Passenger Licks Date Off Old Transfer.

One of the local street cars lost a nickel last night.

A timid looking little man, with his face flushed as though he had been celebrating the passage of the "dry" bill, climbed slowly into an owl car, one of those "suburban admiration" vehicles, in which every body sits along the sides and acowls at his fellow passenger across the way.

The conductor held his hand out for the little man's fare. The passenger began to search uncertainly for money. The conductor was patient, but after a moment started on, saying he would come back.

Presently he did so, but the man was still searching. For the first time the conductor noticed that the passenger had a transfer in his lips. He drew it forth, smiled at the sleepy

little man and went back to the end of the car.

The little man closed his eyes and was just dozing off when a passenger beside him chuckled.

"By George, you're as absent-minded as I am," he exclaimed. "Absent-minded nothing," the sleepy man answered. "I spent my last nickel down town a little while ago. It took me a minute or two to lick the date off that old transfer I didn't use the other day."

And he dropped back to sleep, happy.

LIABLE FOR FATAL DRUNK

Saloonkeeper Is Ordered to Pay Widow \$5,000 Damages.

PHILADELPHIA, March 2.—Mrs. McCusker has been awarded \$5,000 damages against Cornelius F. Quinn, in whose saloon her husband had become intoxicated just before he was killed by a fall on June 10, 1916. This is the second case of its kind on record in Philadelphia.

The McCusker suit was tried before Justice Staples in common pleas court No. 2. According to the evidence on behalf of Mrs. McCusker, who has five small children, her husband, Frank A. McCusker, was an industrious millworker, who took an active part in union labor movements.

BRITISH STIRRED BY PLOT REVELATIONS

Press Sees in German Plot Against United States "Direct Act of War."

LONDON, March 2.—Revelations of Germany's intrigue against America created as much of a sensation here as it must have aroused in the United States.

England believes the conspiracy seeking to align Japan and Mexico against the United States is the "last straw." America's entrance into the war is now regarded as certain.

In a general chorus of editorial denunciation of the plot, it was noticeable that all the Northcliffe newspapers were silent. "A direct act of war" was the unanimous judgment of the other newspapers.

While expressing their amazement at the plot, the editorials never-

less asserted the scheme was "just what might be expected from Germany."

Confidence is expressed both by the people and newspapers that Japan is not in the least implicated in the plot, and would spurn any such Teutonic schemes.

"This disclosure," the Daily Chronicle says, "clears the air. It reveals the chancellor's recent speech in the Reichstag as a first-class piece of hypocrisy, and should show every Congressman in whose mind the interests of the United States rank first that those interests are in real peril, and that the situation is much too serious to be trifled with."

"Exhibited as Shameless."

"We are glad the revelations were made at this juncture, because they will convey to the other neutrals further proof of the importance to be attached to Germany's asseverations of friendship," said the Daily Telegraph. "She is exhibited as shameless in her accumulating dishonesty, plotting first against one state and then another, in the desperate hope that she may somehow be saved from the fate which is overtaking her."

"Civilization must remain in peril until this hideous caricature of its own image is expunged from human records."

SHOWS LIFE IN SPAIN

Dwight Elmendorf Opens Series of "Travelogues at National."

Dwight Elmendorf opened his season's series of travelogues in the Capital with a lecture on "Spain as the Moors" at the National Theatre yesterday afternoon. Taking a large audience with him, the traveler started in the north of Spain, and journeyed southward, showing the shrines of art and history in which the nation is rich, especially those of Moorish origin.

From San Sebastian, the journey continued through Avila and thence to Madrid, the modern capital. Here views of the royal palace were shown, with moving pictures of the King and Queen and court at a royal reception.

Cordova, Toledo, and other cities were visited in turn, and at Seville pictures of portions of a bull fight were shown, much of it having been deleted by the censor.

Particularly interesting were the views of the Alhambra, at Granada, the ancient Moorish palace, and the Alcazar. The splendid architecture of the ancient Moors was shown, with all its detail of exquisite carving and delicate mosaics. All the pictures were fully up to the high Elmendorf standard.

LUCKY STRIKE

cigarette



It's toasted

THINK of a cigarette "served" to you as appetizingly as the hot, buttered toast that comes to your breakfast table.

Well, that's the idea on this new Lucky Strike cigarette: the tobacco—it's toasted. There's a thought to make your mouth water for a new cigarette flavor.

Until we discovered the toasting principle, a good ready-made cigarette from Burley tobacco wasn't possible; flavor wouldn't hold.

Yet there was the big million-man-power affection for Burley—60 million pounds poured from those green, blue and red tin boxes last year.

The old kitchen stove—the toasting fork

So we worked five years—then came the big simple idea of toasting the tobacco to hold the flavor. Now, enjoy a really delicious new cigarette flavor: Lucky Strike—the real Burley cigarette—it's toasted.

LUCKY STRIKE

The real Burley

Cigarette



20 for 10¢

If your dealer does not carry them, send \$1 for a carton of 10 packages to The American Tobacco Co., N.Y. City

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.

INCORPORATED

Our men will demonstrate to you how the tobacco is toasted—at many stores

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